



LITTLE CANADIANS

BY

ELIZABETH ROLLIT BURNS



ILLUSTRATIONS BY

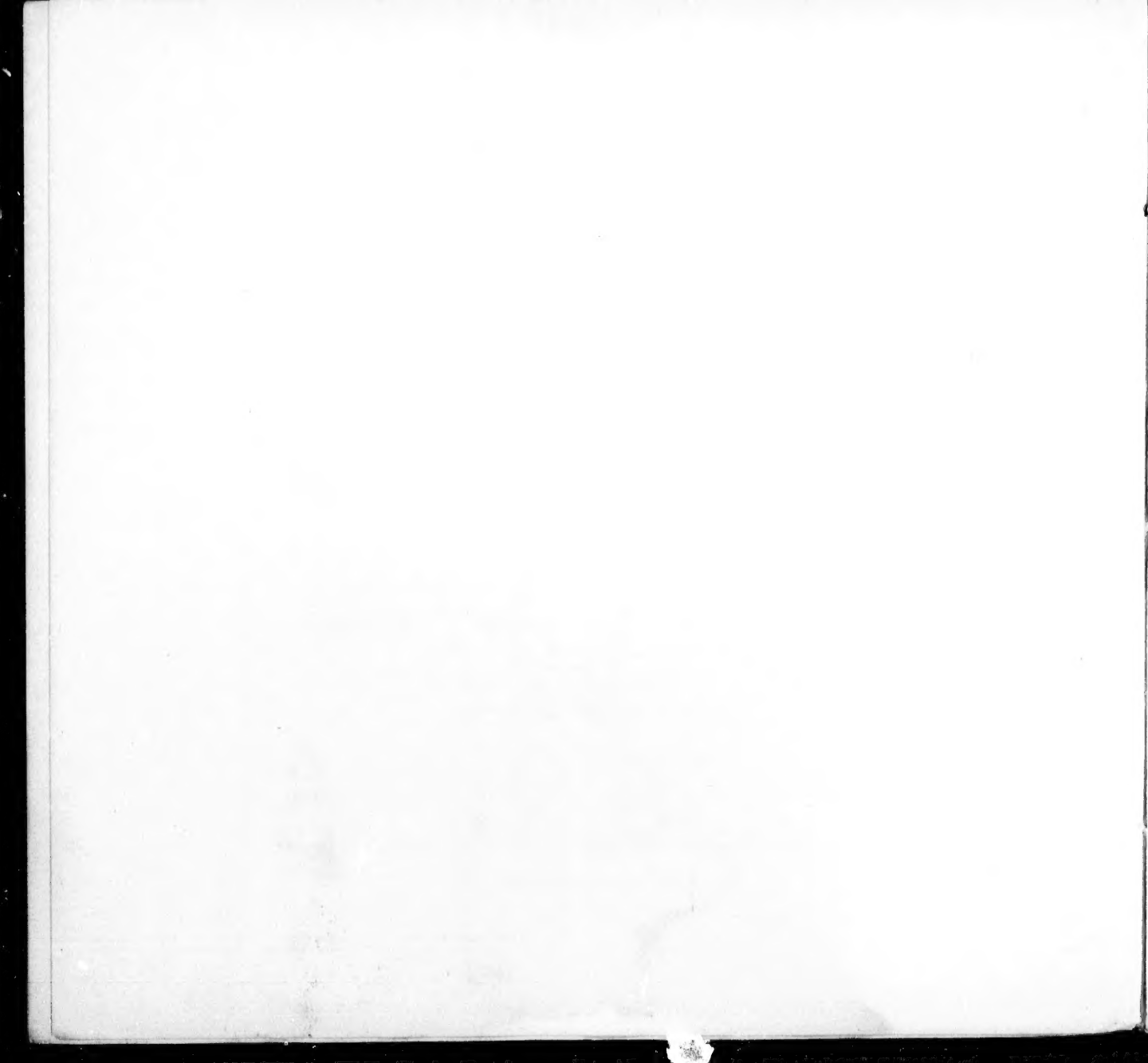
MISS MARY M. PHILLIPS

Entered, according to act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1899,
by E. R. BURNS,
in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa.

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Jolly little Canadians.



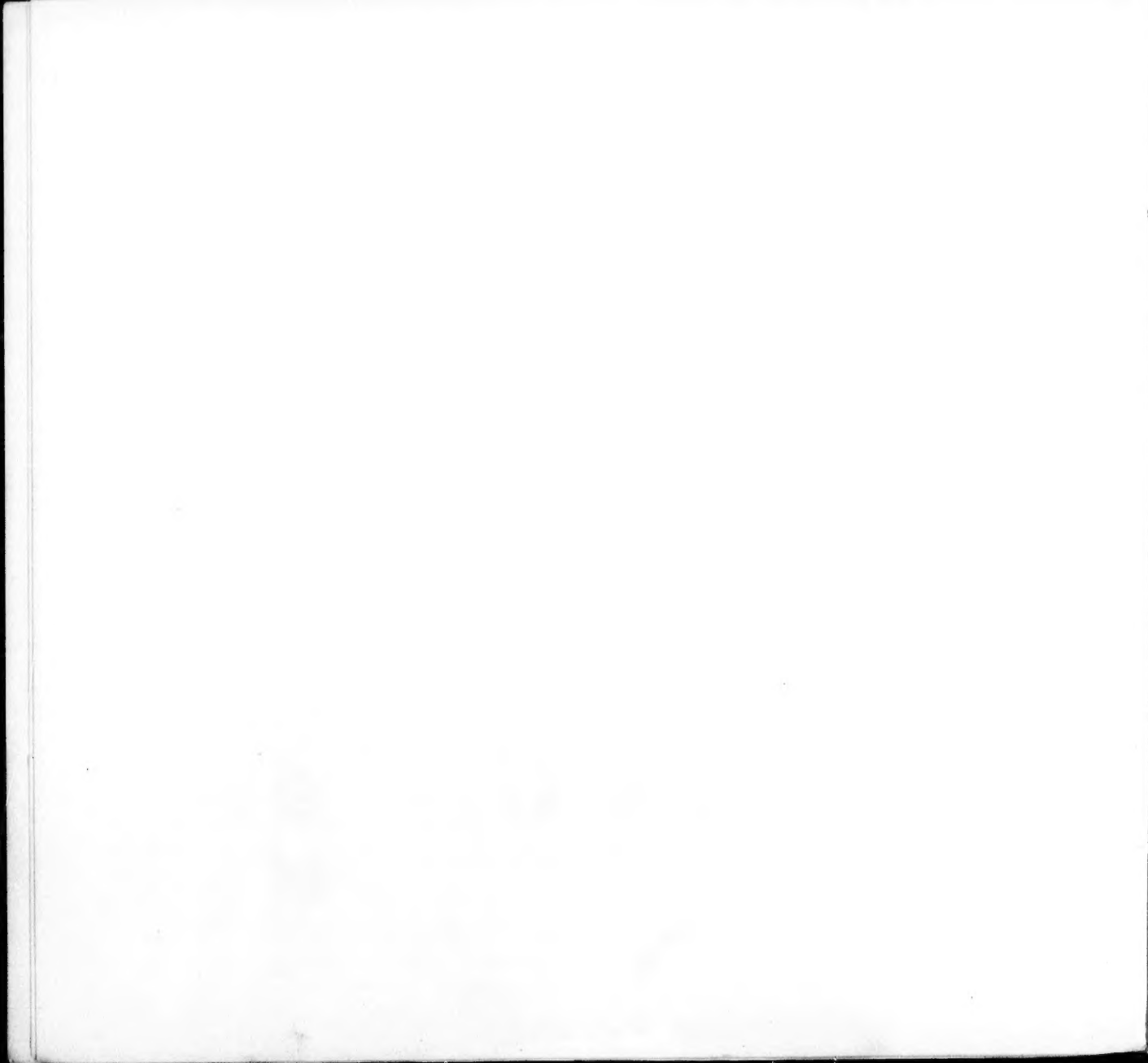


Little Canadians.



We're jolly little Canadians,
Who've come from far and near
To bring you a merry greeting,
We know you'd like to hear,
We're so gay of the way
That we play every day.
We've every sort
Of outdoor sport;
And even in wintry weather,
We're of the firm opinion
No other children can enjoy
Such times as every girl and boy
Can have in the DOMINION!





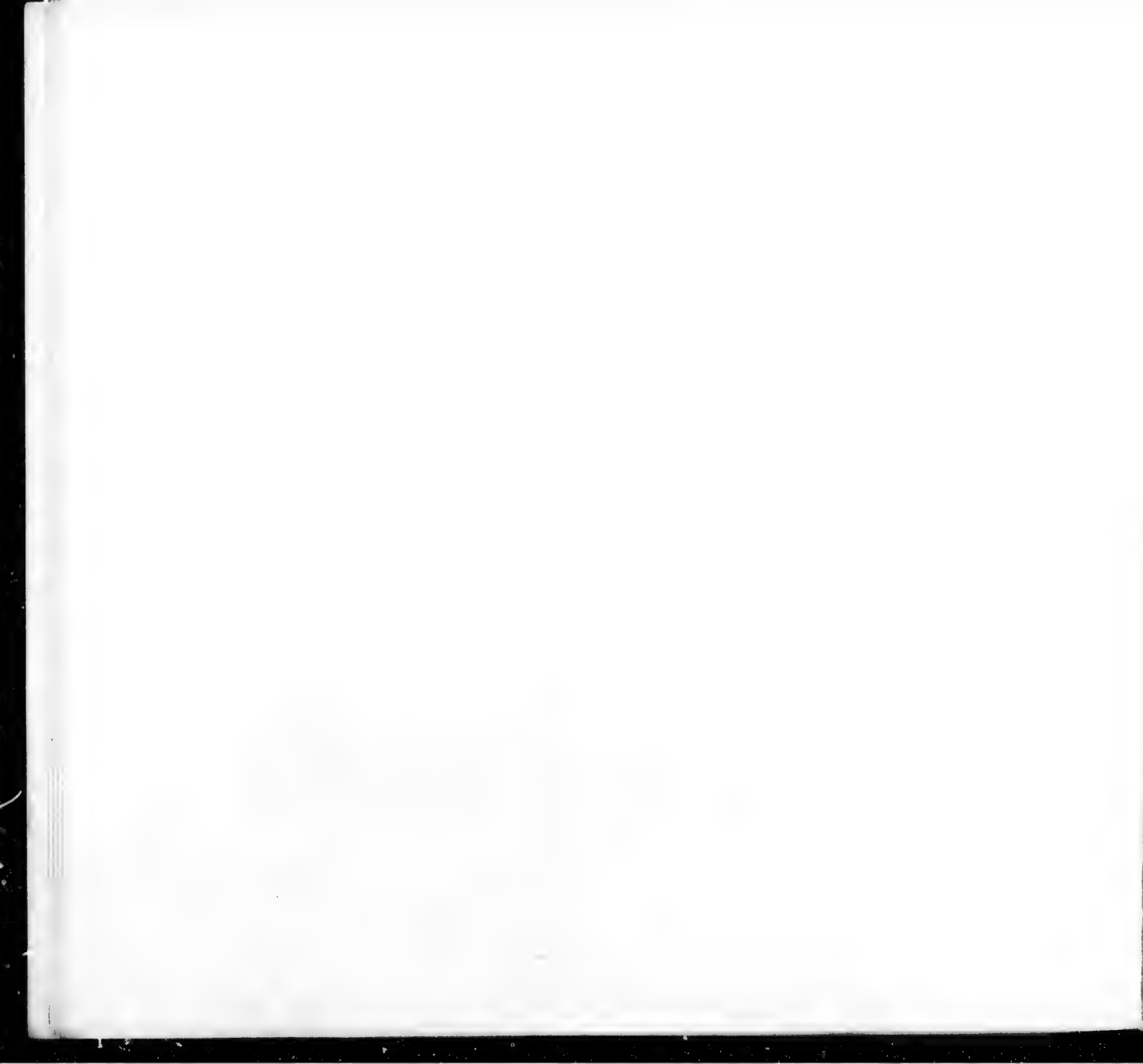


Speeding along in a sleigh.



We are little Canadians
Speeding along in a sleigh,
Carriole or berlin, to the music
Of bells. — *Voulez-vous embarquer?*
Moon is bright, snow pure and white.
We laugh at each *cahot*;
Grelots jingle, pulses tingle,
Merrily we go!
Like a flash, on we dash.
If asked for our opinion,
We'll say no other land, we know,
Can equal the DOMINION!







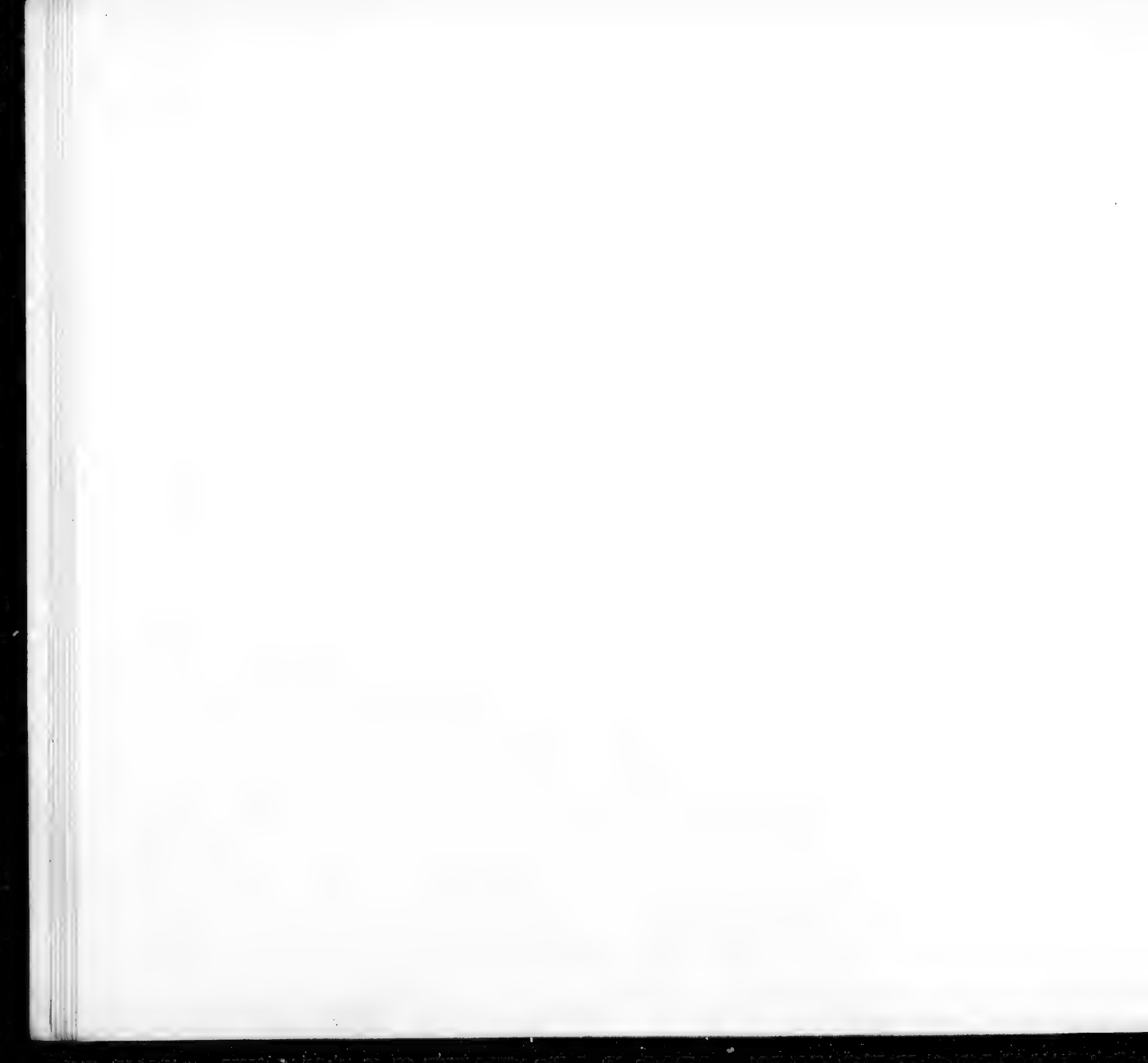
O'er the glistening ice.



We are little Canadians,
You'll know it in a trice,
If you watch us skating
O'er the giist'ning ice.
No one trips, falls or slips;
Jack Frost nips finger tips.
And tries to bite the nose,
And even pinch the toes.
But we don't mind, because we find
The exercise a way
To keep Jack Frost at bay.
And we're of the opinion,
However big the earth, and wide,
It holds no other place beside,
So grand as the DOMINION!



On the light toboggan.



We are little Canadians,

Down the hill we glide
On the light toboggan,

The jolliest way to ride,
Steer with skill, never spill,

Up the hill with a will,
Merrily we climb.

Down we go o'er the snow,
Many and many a time,

And each and every one
Is of the same opinion,

If you're looking out for fun,
'Tis found in the DOMINION!

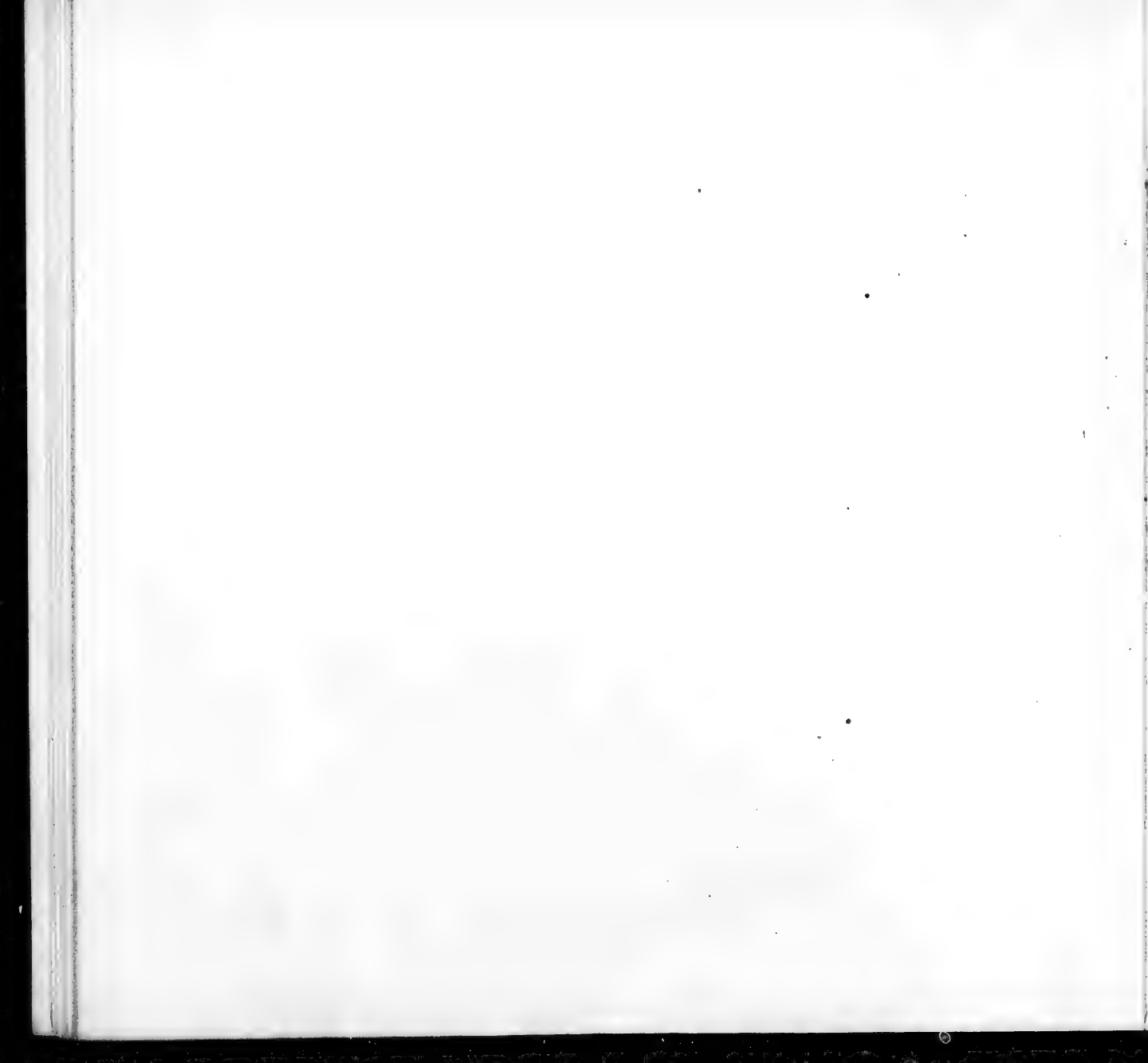




In summer th



summer the bark canoe.

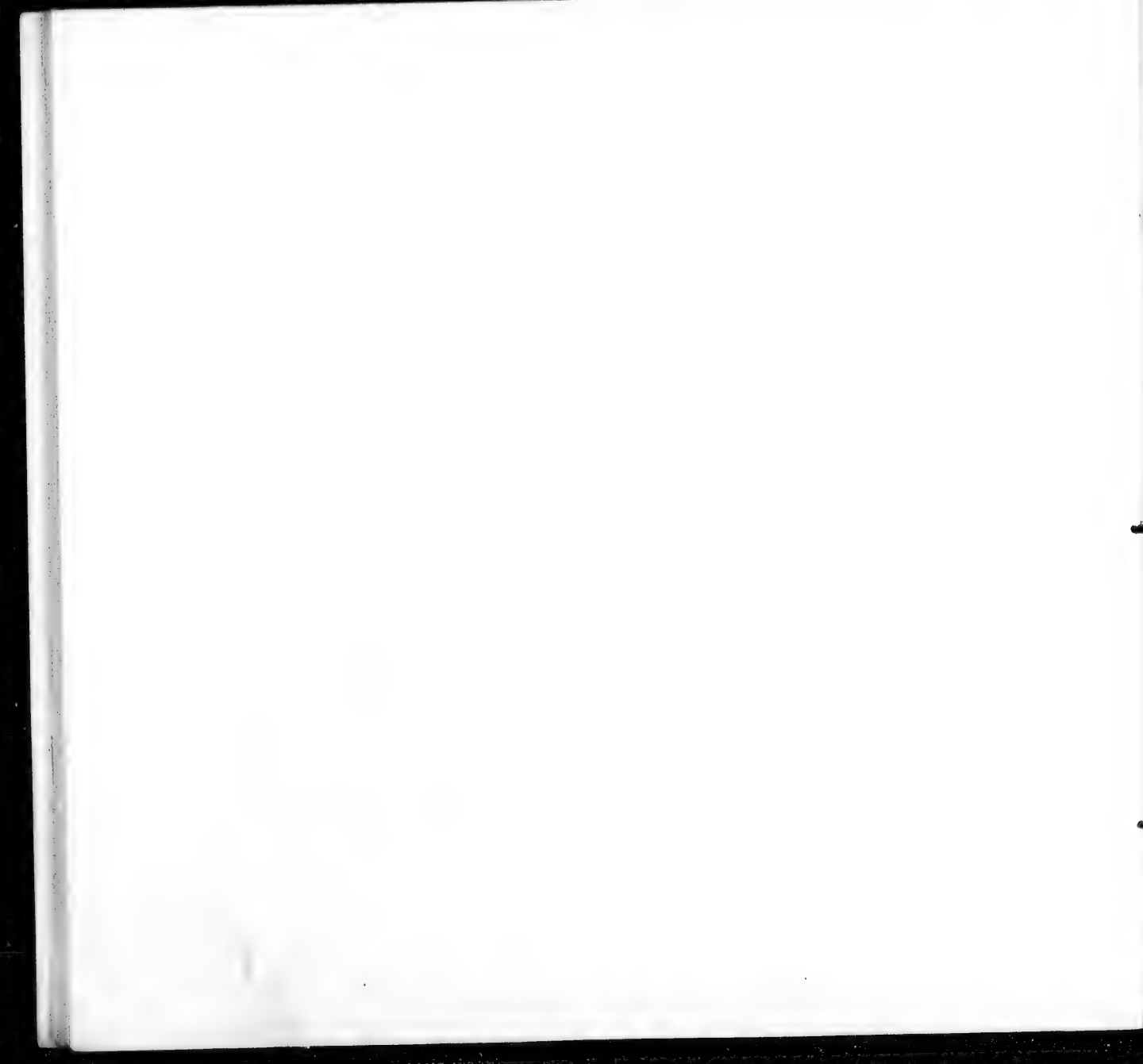


We're jolly little Canadians ;
In summer the bark canoe
We paddle ; and tramp in winter,
O'er drifts on latticed snow-shoe.
P'r'aps you've heard some absurd
Slighting word which referred
To our climate's cold.
Of much that has been told
I pray be no believer :
The land of maple leaf and beaver
We love, and stick to this opinion,
That health and happiness are here,
'Tis a land of goodly cheer ;
Hurrah for the DOMINION !



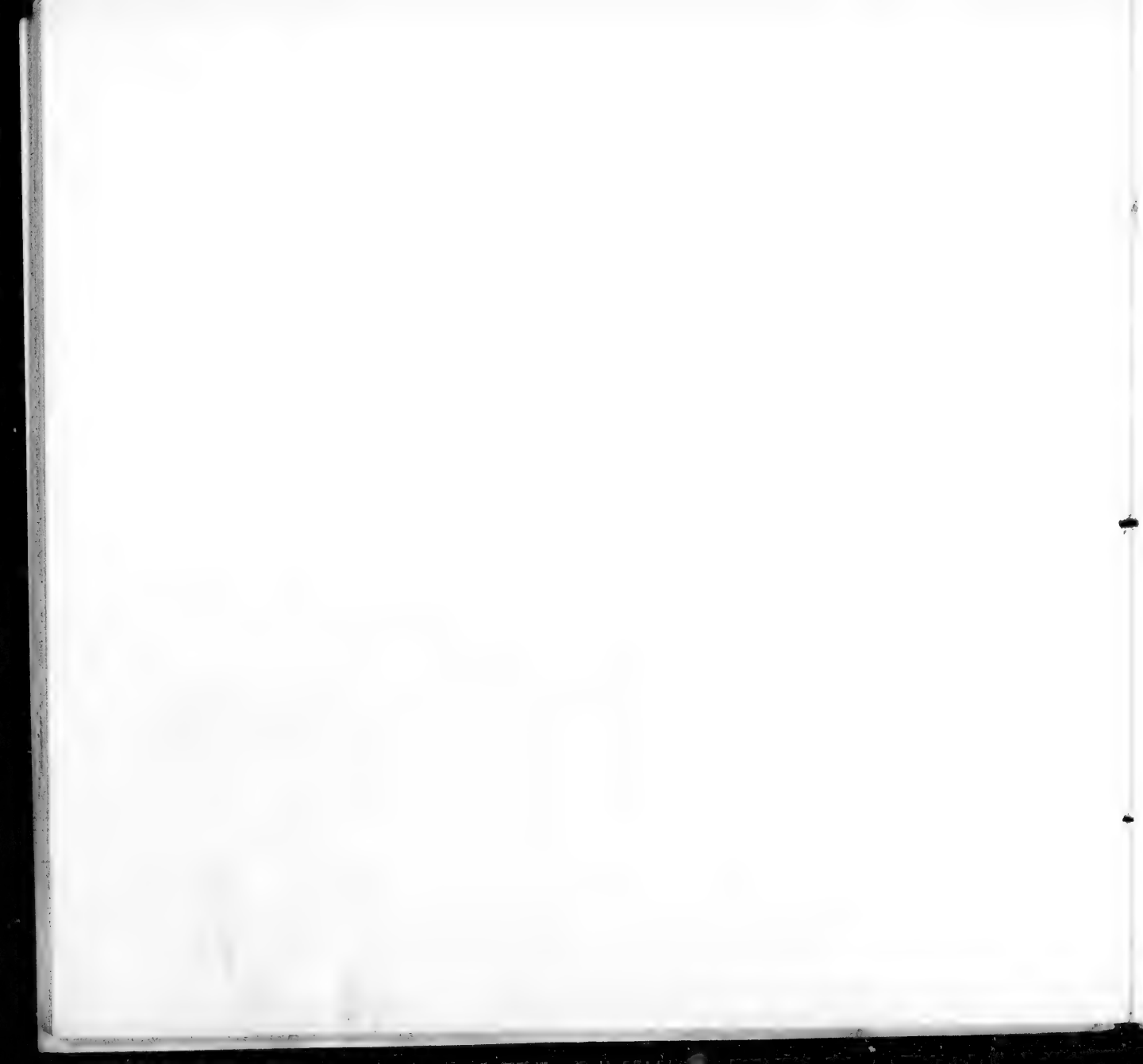
We play with greatest zest.

We are little Canadians.
And play with greatest zest,
With merry companions,
The games that we love best,
One we call, just *snow-ball*.
Then forts fail which had all
Been built and fortified
With hard-packed snow on every side.
And we are never at a loss ;
We've *football*, *hockey* and *lacrosse*.
So we'd have you understand,
Each boy's of the opinion,
For royal sport no other land
Can equal the DOMINION !



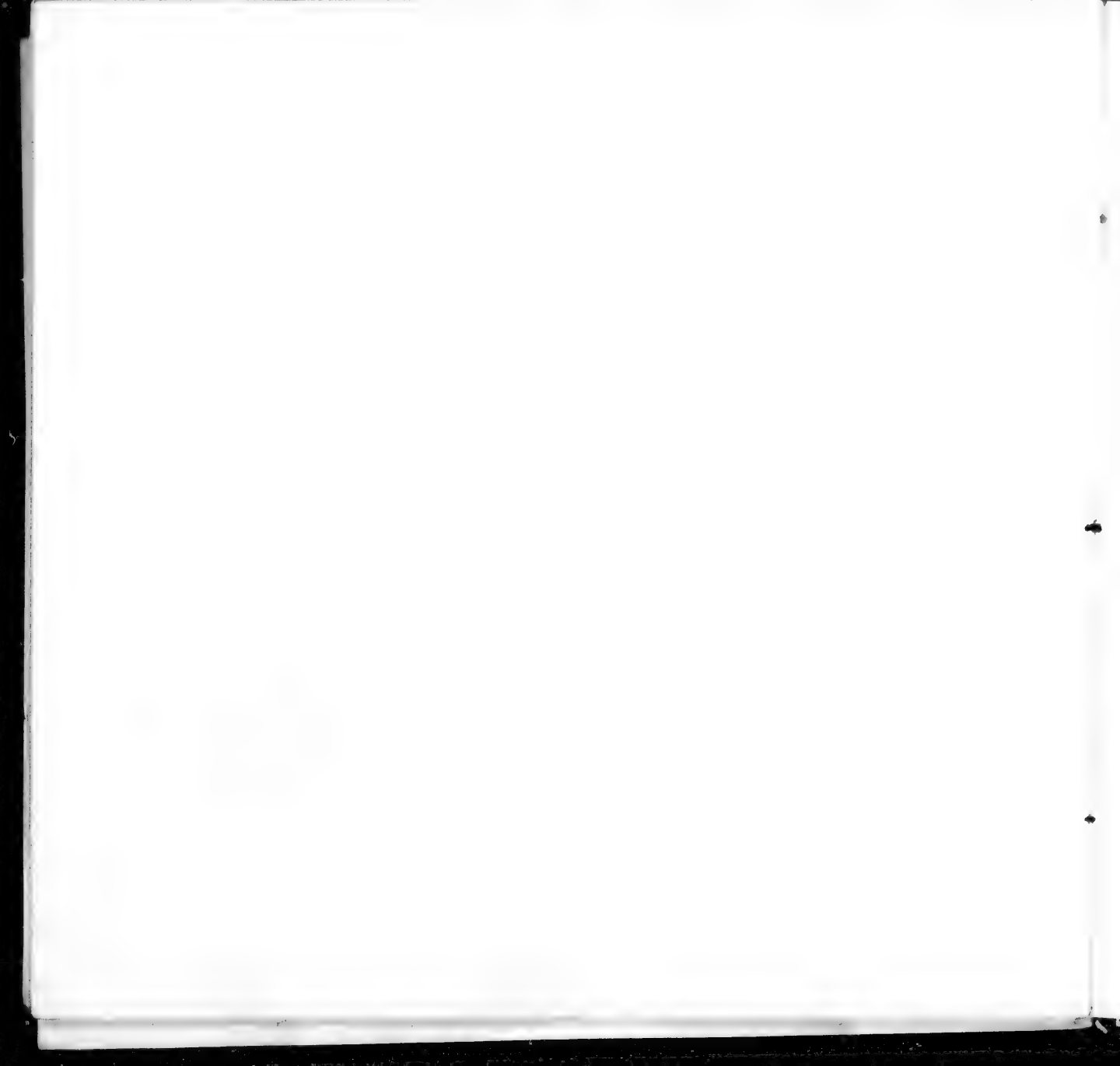


When the sap begins to run.



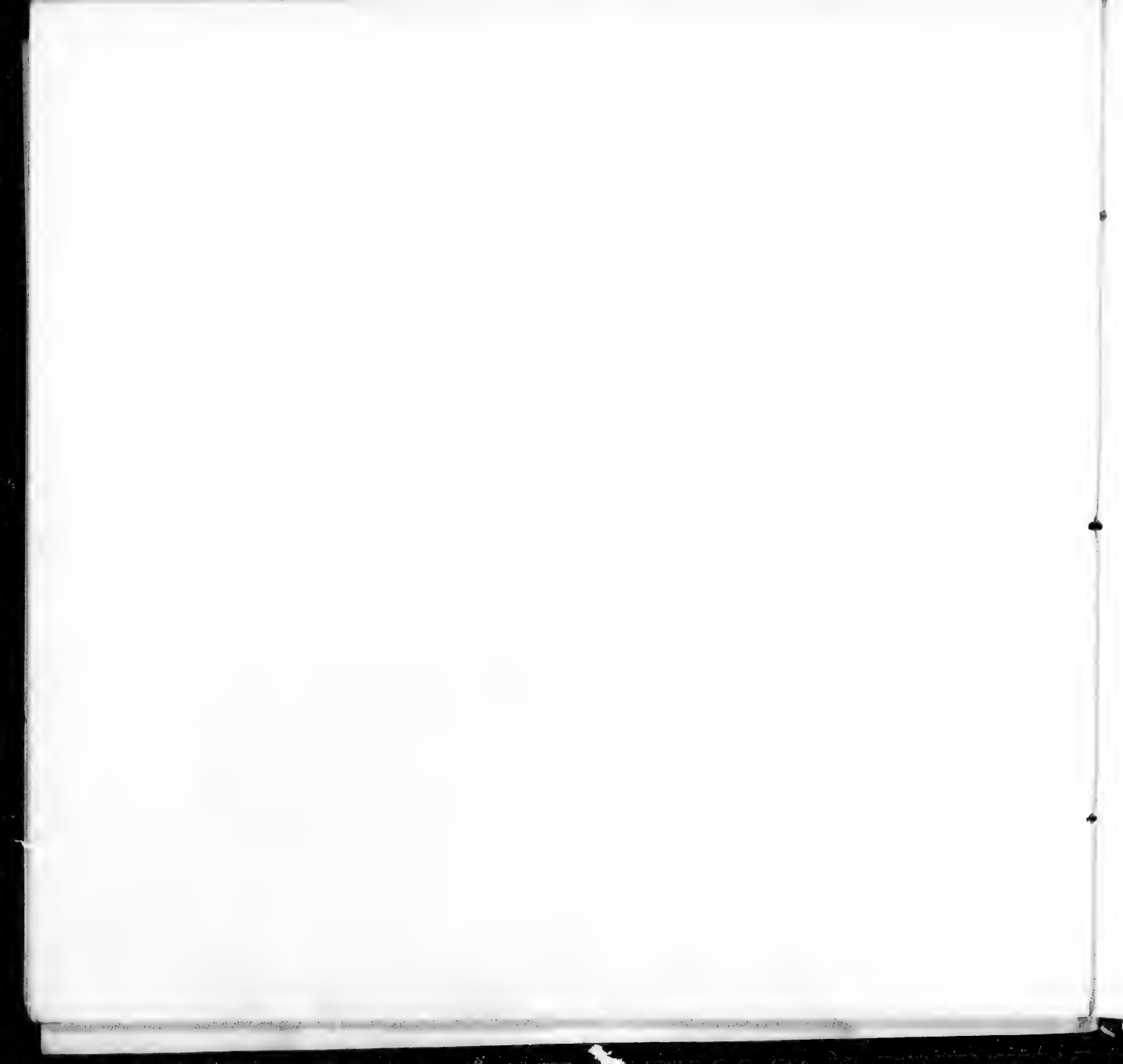
We are little Canadians,
When the sap begins to run
In Spring, in the sugar maples,
We boys have the greatest fun :
Trees we tap, gather sap,
Hands we clap, fingers snap.
Here's *la tire* to pull !
Soon each mouth is full
Of the sweet and sticky stuff ;
Can we ever have enough ?
For a treat that's hard to beat,
We give as our opinion,
In sugar time it may be found
Where the maple trees abound,
In Canada's DOMINION !







The twenty-fourth of May.



We're loyal little Canadians.

The twenty-fourth of May,

We always have a picnic,

And keep as holiday.

Fields are green; flowers are seen.

In between leafy screen

Peeps the sunshine out.

"God save the Queen!"

We sing and shout.

Three rousing cheers, I ween,

We give for our loved Queen,

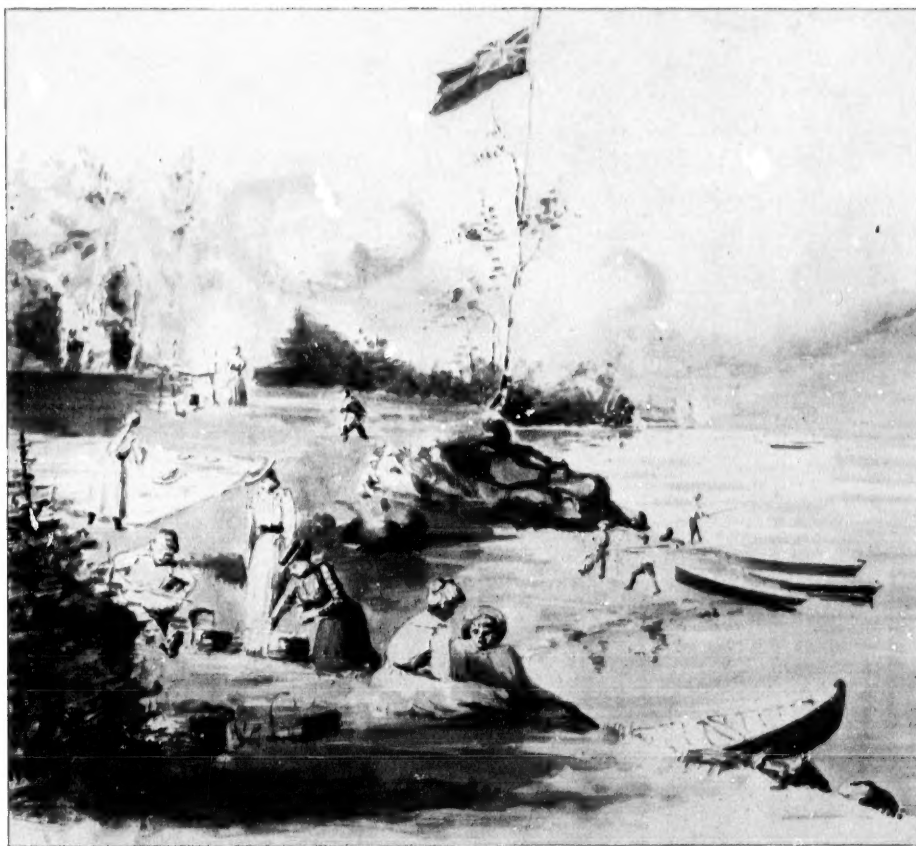
And hold to this opinion —

Search to earth's remotest bound,

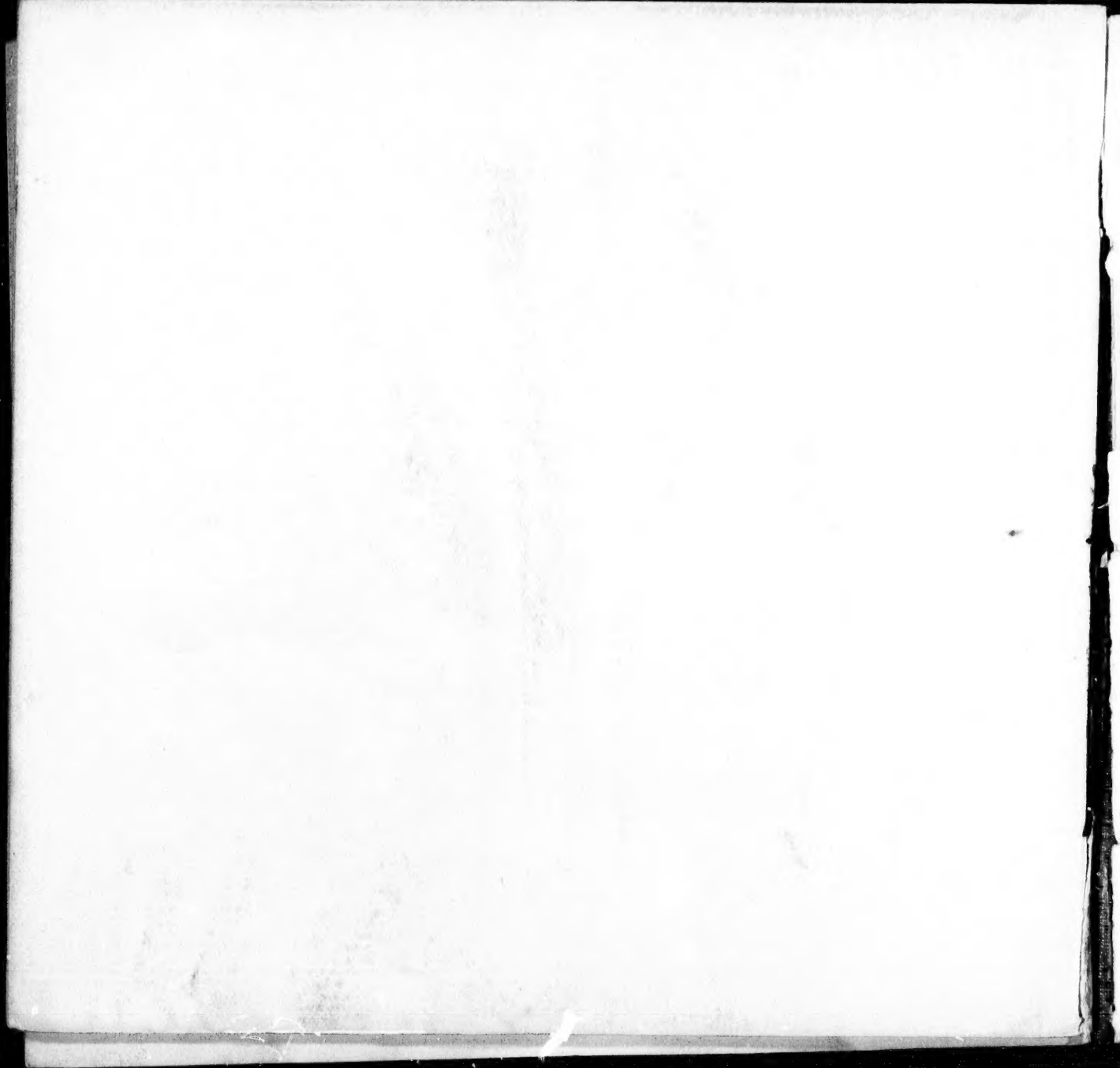
No hearts more loyal can be found

Than those in the DOMINION!





The maple leaf! Dominion Day!



We are little Canadians.

Dominion Day will come,
And then you'll see us marching
To music of fife and drum.

Sun is high in the sky
In July. Banners fly,

With the maple leaf bedecked.
Then in some vast forest cool,
We will fish in stream or pool,
For speckled trout with silvery side,
Golden-tinged and crimson-flecked.

In the twilight home we ride —
Hooray, hooray, hooray!
The maple leaf! Dominion Day!

For Queen and Empire three times three!
Pray tell us *your* opinion —

We're Canadians: haven't we
Every reason upon earth
To shout, for all that we are worth,
Hurrah for the DOMINION!

